

THE
DANCERS
DAMN'D;

OR, THE
DEVIL to PAY at the
OLD HOUSE.



Printed for R. GRIFFITHS at the *Dunciad*
in *Pater-noster Row*. M.DCC.LV.

[Price Six-pence.]

~~Th 408.1~~

Th 465.20.32



4 Nov. 1899

Pierce fund

Printed for R. G. Carter at the Duncanson
in New York from M. D. C. L. V.

[Price Sixpence.]



(4)

THE
DANCERS DAMN'D;
OR, THE
DEVIL to PAY at the OLD
HOUSE.

FROM this my garret
vile, I, your faithful,
favourite, *Grub-street*
Literatus, address the late unfor-
tunate wretches, who, last *Wed-*
nesday night were not admitted
to the famous *Chinese Festival*.

B

If

If you have any gratitude in you, attend to me ; for my poor guts can witness, that I have gone two days dinnerless, in hopes of being regaled after the *Chinese* manner. I paid a whole shilling for my admittance, and squeezed myself into a tolerable place : so that I believe I am qualified to give you as good an account of what happened, as any man that was there.

BEFORE the play began, my brother *Gods* chose to shew their loyalty by stopping the music that was intended for the evening, and calling for *God save the King, Britain strike Home, Britannia,*

tannia, &c. &c. There were indeed some amongst us who called for the *Black-joke*, because, I suppose, they intended to make a *joke* of the *French*, who, for the most part, are *black* people: but the majority of the house being too stupid to conceive their design, that fine tune was unfortunately neglected. However, the play was no sooner concluded, and the *Chinese* scene exposed to view, but the Leader of the loyal party advanced to the front of the gallery, and thus bespake the house:

‘ O BRITONS! O my country-
 ‘ men! ye will certainly not

B 2

‘ suffer

‘ suffer these foreign dogs to
 ‘ amuse us. Our destruction is
 ‘ at hand. These *sixty* dancers
 ‘ are come over with a design
 ‘ to undermine our Constitu-
 ‘ tion. This *Navarre* is Mar-
 ‘ shal *Lewendabl*, and the least
 ‘ amongst them is an ensign,
 ‘ disguised, in order to perpe-
 ‘ trate our ruin.’

THIS wise speech was no sooner
 ended, than a sweet concert of
 cat-calls, hissings, clappings, &c.
 succeeded, which kept the stage
 in a general suspense. Then it
 was that REASON descended from
 the clouds, and thus addressed
 the public.

‘ O

‘ O BRITONS! O my country-
 ‘ men! I am beyond expression
 ‘ charmed to ——.’ She was
 going to proceed, when the *Old*
England hero with the rest of
 his party cry’d *off, off, off, off,*
off, off, off, off!—Poor REASON!
 she blush’d, hung down her
 head, turn’d upon her heel, and
 was actually going; when an
 animated volley of applause, issued
 from the boxes, and persuaded her
 to return.—She then resumed the
 broken thread of her discourse,
 and thus continued:—‘ I was a-
 ‘ bout to express my joy at find-
 ‘ ing you so ready, upon the
 ‘ slightest occasion, to exert your-
 ‘ selves

‘ selves in defence of your coun-
 ‘ try ; but you thought proper
 ‘ to stop my mouth, to condemn
 ‘ me before you knew what I
 ‘ was going to say. You cer-
 ‘ tainly did not know me. I
 ‘ am sorry to find so great a
 ‘ number of men that are even
 ‘ unacquainted with my figure.’

‘ —DAMN your figure, and
 ‘ you too (cries the great hero
 ‘ that spake first) and who the
 ‘ devil are you? but no matter
 ‘ who you are, you’re a stranger,
 ‘ a *French* bitch for aught I know,
 ‘ and may have your pockets full
 ‘ of gun-powder to blow us all
 ‘ up : we have had gun-powder
 ‘ plots

‘ plots before now; and so go
 ‘ to the devil from whence you
 ‘ came.’

THE poor lady was so shock’d
 at this treatment, that she actually wept; till some of her old acquaintance bad her be of good comfort; and desired she might be heard. She then wiped her eyes, and thus proceeded.

‘ I CAME hither, by the persuasion of TRUTH, and JUSTICE,
 ‘ to tell you, that amongst all this
 ‘ number of dancers that now stand
 ‘ ready to entertain you, there are
 ‘ no more than four *French* men,
 ‘ and about the same number of
 8 females;

‘ females ; that their chief is a
 ‘ *Swiss* protestant, who, had not
 ‘ his merit protected him, would
 ‘ have been hissed off the stage
 ‘ at *Paris*, for being a *Swiss* pro-
 ‘ testant : and will you damn
 ‘ him for the same reason ? will
 ‘ you pay less regard to genius
 ‘ than a *French* audience ?’ Here
 an enraged cat - call stopt her
 mouth, and forced her to listen
 to this reply from the gallery.

‘ *Swiss* !—what the devil do
 ‘ we know of *Swiss* !—a *Swiss* is
 ‘ a foreigner, and all foreigners
 ‘ are *Frenchmen* ; and so damn
 ‘ you all.’

REASON.

REASON.

BUT, Gentlemen: I should have thought, that you would have been proud to have people of different nations, and even the very subjects of your greatest enemy, brought over to divert you.

GALLERY.

ENGLISH dancers! a hornpipe!
d—n you all!—*O the roast beef*
of Old England! O the Old Eng-
lish roast-beef—

REASON.

ENGLISH dancers? You ought rather to thank your stars that your genius does not lie in
C your

your heels! is there a man of sense amongst you, who envies the *French* this excellence? but you are a strange people. You are not content without dancers; you are not satisfy'd without *good* dancers; and yet you'll not encourage the only nation in the world that can dance.

GALLERY.

WHY did he bring them on last *Saturday* night, but that the King's presence might stop our mouths?

REASON.

I AM forry, for your own sakes, it had not that effect. But are
you

you ignorant, that whenever His Majesty honours the house with his presence, he *commands* the whole entertainment of the night. Follow his example, and shew the world that a few capering *French* boys and girls are below your serious thoughts. This kind of phrensy might be excusable in a lawless mob, but it is certainly below those that frequent the theatre.

GALLERY.

D—N the theatre: *Garrick* has brought these people, only that he may be idle himself.

REASON.

DOES he not act to-morrow night? let that first appear to be his design, and then* condemn him.

GALLERY.

WHY G—d d—n you, d'ye think your nonsense shall deprive us of our riot? We heard somebody say, that they were all *Frenchmen*, or foreigners, which is the same thing. We'll shew the dogs what we can do. Look you, Mademoiselle, we came hither resolved to damn them right or wrong, and so do you go to the devil with all your *Monseers*.

REASON.

REASON.

BUT, Gentlemen, you surely
do not know who I am.

GALLERY.

WHY, who the devil are you?

REASON.

I AM sorry to find we are no
better acquainted. My name is
Reason.

GALLERY.

REASON? G—d d—n you—
Reason? Why, you hellfire bitch,
what the devil have we to do
with you? Why, you Brimstone,
Festival's wrote with an *F*, and
so

so is *French*, and therefore we won't have it, d—n ye.

THESE words were no sooner heard, than a score of mighty patriot-arms were seen to rise above their heads, each hand charg'd with a ball proper for the occasion.

THE poor lady, half affrighted out of her wits, lifts up her hands to heaven, and begs for mercy's sake, they would but hear one word more, and she would then retire—' *Britons*, says she, ' there are some men, in this ' house at present, whose principles, with regard to the ' *French*,

‘ *French*, you will, none of you,
 ‘ suspect. I mean (*pointing to*
 ‘ *the boxes*) those gentlemen
 ‘ there in scarlet. Let them de-
 ‘ termine the matter in dispute.
 ‘ It may be your ambition to
 ‘ fight a few *French* children in
 ‘ the play-house; but it is theirs to
 ‘ meet that nation in the field.’--
 ‘ O d—n your gentlemen!’ cries
 the hero. These words pro-
 voked some Gentlemen to leap
 from the boxes into the pit,
 seize a couple of these lunatic
 patriots (who, finding the galle-
 ries full, had been obliged to
 crowd into that part of the
 house) and thrust them out of
 doors. They then insisted that
 the

the speaker above stairs should be thrown over, which was no sooner desired than executed. His head pitch'd upon that of one of his own wife party, and both were dash'd to pieces. A skilful anatomist who stood not far from the place where they fell, expressed great desire to examine the texture of their brains, which he said must certainly be very extraordinary; but notwithstanding he was assisted in his search, by the whole pit, it was not in the power of any one to find aught in either their of strange heads that bore the least resemblance to brains.

I AM credibly informed that the disappointed remainder of this sagacious party are determined to present a petition to His Majesty, first begging pardon for their last *Saturday* night's behaviour, and then beseeching him to disband all the officers of his army, they having plainly shewn their attachment to the *French* nation, in the defence of *French* dancers. It is also said, that some of them suspect the King himself, of a design to bring in the Pretender, who is to rise out of a trap-door in the *Drury-lane* stage: for, say they, if something of this sort was

D

not

not intended, His Majesty would never have gone to the house the first night these *Gallicans* appeared.

N. B. The surmise, that the *English* Tumblers, in so much request at *Paris*, will be treated in the same manner, is without foundation; 'tis our *Men of War* that the *French* are afraid of: Tumblers and Dancers give no uneasy apprehensions to them.

F I N I S.